THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. *MILTON.*

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IN the number before the last, I promised to take some notice of the poetical productions of THE STRANGER; and that I might be able to review with justice, both to him and myself, I have carefully read over his effusions of genius.

In this young poet's essays, there appear a sprightly fancy, a mind much delighted with the beauties of nature, pleased with contemplating the awe-inspiring precipice, the solitary wood, the rolling river, and the thunder storm whose rattling peals oftimes appal the stoutest heart: He is also the child of sympathy, the slave of love, and gratitude is deeply marked in his lines. He does not appear to have read much, only in the book of nature, his language is, generally speaking, chaste and appropriate; sometimes indeed his rhymes are not so pure as they might be, or as the reader has a right to expect from one, in other respects, assuredly favoured with a very musical ear, I impute this to carelessness, a fault which all, but especially young poets, ought by all means to avoid.

The first of this youth's productions, which in a peculiar manner engaged my attention, was *The Stranger Boy*, published in the 7th number of the 2d vol. In the second verse, his comparison between the reception he met with from strangers, and that kind welcome he had been accustomed to receive from his dog *Tray*, is very happy—

"No social friend in this strange land,
Sweet smiling, takes me by the hand,
And talks with me:
At home, e'en Tray, poor faithful Tray,
Would howl for joy and round me play
In friendly glee.

The attachment of a dog to his master, is so well known, that every reader will subscribe to the truth of the representation; but is it not a pity that man, in acts of social kindness, should be out-done by a brute? It is a truth I do not remember to have met with in any ancient or modern author, that civilization and hospitality have not gone hand and hand. More hospitality is discoverable among the unlettered savages, than among the circles most polished in manners and enlightened by education. In some nations of Europe, a few centuries ago, men of wealth kept their houses open, and strangers were promiscuously entertained; no questions were asked, they were received with a hearty welcome, and departed with as many good wishes as though they had conferred a benefit—the times are changed—the advantage is on the side of *Tray*.

The third verse, is beautifully picturesque—I see the landscape, the forest, the mountain, the precipice, the river, pass before me; and in the fourth verse, recognize my own actions, when hurling the stone from the precipice, I have listened with wonder at the numerous echos it made as it bounded from rock to rock. In the fifth and sixth verses, he seems to have forgotten time altogether.

"Ye happy days—now gone, adieu!
But dearest spot, ere long, on you
I'll drop some tears;
But then your shrubs will trees be grown,
Your trees by storms will be o'erblown,
Or changed by years."

For the shrubs to grow into trees, the trees now growing overblown by the tempest, or changed by years, will require a considerable number of years; the terms 'ere long,' ought by no means to have been used—but passing this little slip, the verses are beautiful.

His *Echo*, in the 8th number, is pretty, but that has been such a general subject among the poets, that little new can be said on it; I must however beg leave to differ with him, when he compares happiness to an echo; I am sorry that he gave it the name of a syren, and still more so that he suffered it to dwindle down to a phantom: THE STRANGER need not chase happiness—she invites him to her embraces, she flies not from the wooer, but stands as firm as the fiat that gave being to the universe: In the paths of Virtue is her dwelling, from whom she is inseparable, and she never deceives, for propriety of conduct is that in which she lives and moves and has her being.

In the 11th number—*The Father* is a very pathetic [illegible] tion; his only son has forsaken him in his old age; the pa[illegible]sic feels forcibly his ingratitude, very naturally relates the plea sure he had in the company of his child; yet tho' crushed almost down to death with the weight of woe, occasioned by his son's unfeeling conduct, parental affection triumphs, and he breathes to Heaven the following prayer, which would melt even the heart of a stoic—

"Kind Providence protect him still—
I love him, tho' ungrateful he;
And if to scourge him be thy will,
O, let it not be done for me."

The last verse exhibits the character of the father of the returning prodigal, and I trust will be realized by every parent who may be eventually tried in the same manner.

In reviewing this little piece, it grieves me to read the following line—

"He left me in despair and shame."

The father appears by the piece, to be old, feeble, blind—surely, surely, these were ills sufficient—O, why add shame! especially to so good a man? This was undoubtedly an oversight.

Stanzas on seeing an old Oak, &c. in the 15th number, are highly worthy of notice: We have always presented to our readers the idea of THE STRANGER's being a youth; if therefore he be the viewer of the oak, which has arrived at maturity, and the poet bent its head when he was a child, we have made a very erroneous calculation as respects his age: If the title of the piece had been The old Man's Soliloquy on seeing an old Oak, &c. every difficulty would have been removed on this head.

In the second verse, there appears to me an inaccuracy in point of epithet—

"With me it sprang, with me to manhood rose."

How a tree may arrive at maturity, we know; but how it can arise to *manhood*, is still a secret—yet we find a more egregrious error has been made in nearly the same way, in as fine an instance of hyperbole as we have on record—DANIEL iv. 16. speaking of the root of the great tree, it is said, "Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him." These two peccadillos are all that I perceive in this beautiful poem; I recommend it to our readers as, in my opinion, a strong proof of rising genius; the conclusion drawn

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in the last verse, has alas, been too often verified, the Latin poet sang, long ago—

"*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,*
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes."

Which may be imitated thus—

Whilst happy, what numbers of friends round you shine,
All honour your table and relish your wine;
But poverty comes, you are heeded no more,
They deny your acquaintance, and pass by your door.

I shall dismiss THE STRANGER for this time, with noticing only one more, the last and most perfect of all his productions, I mean *The Vision*, in the 20th number, which, for sweetness of rhyme, chasteness of expression, patriotic spirit, and justness of metaphor, may justly stand among those pieces which delight the lovers of poetry; from these verses, it is difficult to select the most beautiful, each reader must choose for himself, the following struck me with peculiar force, as the allusion is altogether new—

"By th' madness of tyrants we'll ne'er be confounded;
Shall their threat'ned thunders alarm us?
No! fearless we stand, by new FRANKLINS surrounded,
To bind ev'ry bolt that would harm us."

I believe this, stripped of figure, is an absolute truth: I have heard it ignorantly asserted, that should any of the great powers of Europe invade us, we would fall an easy prey—we had no WASHINGTON to lead our armies, no FRANKLIN to direct our councils! Not so thinks our poet:—The genius of America has not dwindled, her population surely is not less, her skill in the arts infinitely superiour to what it was then, her resources, I had almost said, boundless, her means of defence incalculable, and should (which GOD forbid) any daring foe invade us, they will find we have both new FRANKLINS and also brave WASHINGTONS to exert themselves in defence of their country.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

SELECTED.

HISTORY OF SALADIN THE DERVISE.

I, WHO now write to the eye of the traveller, was once Saladin the bashaw of Cairo, but am now the hermit of the brow of Lebanon. The hours of my grandeur were wretched, but the days of my silence are happy. The genius of the cedars strengthened my soul to forget the mighty ones of the earth, and reside in the cave of solitude.

Seven years had I passed here, and listened to the music of the stream that flowed at the foot of the rock. My dreams were prompted by the stillness around me; the plants and the flowers arose, and I regarded not their beauty or their virtue; the morning appeared, and I turned not in prayer to the shrine of Mecca; the book of the prophet lay unheeded at the bottom of the cave; I hated thought, I courted indolence, and my life was as the sleep of him who rests with the gloomy angel of death till the shining angels appear.

I awaked from my dream in the grey dawn of the morning, and beheld the caravan of Natolia winding along the mazes of the valley. I saw the gold glittering on the backs of camels, and the dromedaries bearing rich vestments for the haram of Aladdin. The shouts of the drivers resounded from afar. I thought the voice of joy accompanied them as they passed over the brook that descended from the hollow cleft of the mountain. I looked after them; my heart was moved, I sighed, and said to myself—'Surely I am wretched; and surely Aladdin is happy!'

The genius of the cedars appeared before me, the mighty spirit who dwells amid the snows of Lebanon. His presence was august as that of Gabriel, when he gave the pen to the beloved Allah; his voice was strong as the blast of the forest, and sweet as the strains of the houris near the rivulets of paradise. My head bowed before him with reverence, and he beheld me with and an eye of pity.

'Child of the dust,' said he, 'attend to my words, and let not thy soul pursue the desires of vanity. Take the counsels of him who now sees the wishes of thy heart, and knows their weakness.

'Canst thou forget when Amuranth, the lord of the earth, looked on thee with the eyes of a parent; when thy voice ruled the land of the believers, and thy house was the habitation of beauty? Wert thou then happy, or did thy prayers reach the borders of the third heaven? Didst thou not envy the life of Adiabeker the iman of the forest? And dost thou not envy the power of Aladdin? Did not Selima, the fairest of thy seraglio, give herself to the arms of another? Did not Hali, the beloved friend of thy bosom, whisper in the ears of the sultan that Saladin was a traitor? Why then dost thou repine at thy condition, and envy the power of Aladdin?

'Look from this height, and behold the caravan which now passes the foot of the mountain.'—I looked, and beheld a band

of the sons of the desert, who surrounded the merchants. I saw their sabres glitter as they smote the defenceless travellers.

'Where are now the riches of Aladdin?' said the genius, 'where is the splendor of his haram? The wealth he designed for the visier of the divan, to avert the frown of indignation, how soon is it gone! and how soon will his ruin ensue! Happier had he been, had he never received the studded sabre, or ruled over the plains of Natolia.'

My soul was struck with amazement, and I acknowledged my weakness.—'Gold,' said I, is nothing in the eyes of the prophet; and HE who dwells above, regards not the hopes of the proud. O for the unruffled neglect of the world! O for the calm dreams I enjoyed before I beheld the caravan of Aladdin!

'Son of weakness, thou art still in error,' said the genius, 'and thy wishes are not the wishes of happiness.—What are those dreams which stole away the hours of thy life, insensible as that of the weary traveller who has chewed the benumbing betel in the caravanseras of Ezzerum. The days of the wise glide not on unnoticed; their good deeds are recorded by the quick-sighted angel who sits at the foot-stool of the ALMIGHTY. The herb pressed by their hands refreshes the pilgrim in his journey; they mark the rising of the tree, and instruct the dwellers in the village. To them the leaves of the messenger of GOD lie open. They look on the stars with reverence, and meditate on the number of the proofs of a Providence. They behold the sun, in his highest course, as the bright reflexion of the countenance of Allah. They think not of the low things of the earth; their hopes arise upwards to nobler enjoyments; the FATHER of Nature beholds their wishes, and smiles on them with pleasure.

'Wouldst thou, O Saladin, reside in the cave of solitude, purify thy mind from its vices, and thy wretchedness will depart. Think not with regret of the power thou hast lost; nor even the exaltation of the great ones of the earth. Lull not thy soul with the enchanting song of indolence; nor let the evening sun depart unconscious of thy employment. Arouse thyself to a contempt of little pleasures; and bid thy breast expand to receive the pure enjoyments of humanity. From the summit of Lebanon, as the nations of the earth lie beneath thee, let thy heart pant with wishes for their happiness. Then shall the grateful applauses of good men pursue thee; the spirit of Omar shall teach thee the visions of truth; the voice of the powerful genii shall greet thee with strains

of congratulation; the strength of the mighty inhabitant of Mecca shall support thee; and the arm of the SUPREME shall raise thee to a state of existence in which thou shalt not sigh for the wealth of the opulent, nor envy the power of Aladdin.'

SELECTED.

THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHORS:

A LITERARY DIALOGUE.

Bookseller descends a flight of stairs, and speaks to the shopman.

Bookseller. WHAT has been the matter? There has been such a noise below stairs, whilst I was at breakfast, that I found it impossible to get through the first page of Dick Dry's political pamphlet. Hey dey! How came the upper tier of vols. thrown from the shelves, and the lower rows in such confusion? Have we had a ghost here? Or have the French and English authors declared war against each other? If so, in spite of the definitive, we shall have another battle of the books.

Shopman. The carpenters, sir, repairing the next house, have shook them down. I am sure that ponderous Locke on Human Understanding has almost cracked my skull.

Books. Then your's is not an Egyptian cranium, as my worthy friend the magistrate observes. Mercy on us! What a noise these fellows make!—What a dust they raise! One ought to have the eyes of Little Eagle, the great critic, to be able to tell one author from another.

Shopm. They have so totally displaced the books, that Homer now lies under Virgil.

Books. Ah! that's the situation in which some of the commentators seemed to have wished to place him! What are those volumes at bottom? I suppose Treatises on the Bathos.

Shopm. No, sir! They are Descartes and Gassendi.

Books. This is like Topsey-turvy, the poem that came out yesterday. I thought they would have mounted to their kindred stars. Why, you blockhead you are mingling novels and sermons, pious tracts and plays, politics and philosophy, morality and medicine, together, like the contents of a magazine.

Shopm. These folio volumes of controversy have so lacerated the Practice of Piety and Whole Duty of Man, that they will want binding.

Books. So they will as sure as if they had taken the pills of Dr. Laxative. Send to the fellows, and bid them stop. Put

the shelves in order; lay the papers on the counter. I expect the loungers directly.

Enter an Author.

Author. Good morning, my little Decimo Sexto; any news? Bless me! Why your shop's as dusty as a road in summer. I see every author in it through the medium of a fog.

Books. That's because you are a critic. However, my books have been a little deranged this morning.—Abundance of works, which I thought nothing could have *stirred*, an accident has set flying about my ears. I have been pelted with my own stock.

Author. Then you have *felt* that there is some weight in learning.

Books. Oh yes! I have known that a geat while; I have sold many hundred reams of it by the pound.

Author. None of my works have been wasted?

Books. No: I'll be sworn they have all been *properly* used.

Author. Yes! I think, while I have corrected, I have improved the age.

Books. You know the critics said, that you should have been *improved* the same way.

Author. Spiteful dogs! I'll be revenged of them and their works.

Books. Then you mean to praise the latter I presume.

Author. Praise their works! Yes! a likely matter! If I do it shall be as I do Dr. Laudanum's draughts, for their narcotic properties. Why, the last pamphlet you sent me was as dull as the Blagdon controversy, which I have yawned through with greater difficulty than I once did the folio about the Brownists and Muggletonians.

Books. One of our christian observers was observing, that that, contained some pretty writing. Indeed, from the turn literature has lately taken, we are likely to see all the *wit* and humour of the Scotists and Thomists, and a hundred other of those *weighty* authors, whose works, or as they are more emphatically styled, whose *labours*, have frequently pressed the press, revived. May the tree of knowledge, which has produced fruit so large and *pleasantly* acrimonious flourish say I?

Author. I do not know what fruit your metaporical tree has produced; all I can say is, that it has had *leaves* in abundance; but we are as stupid as if we had taken a nap under its shade. I wonder where all your diurnal visitors are this morning? O, I think I spy one.

Books. What! that queer fellow that crosses the way, his pockets stuffed with papers like the postman's letter bags. I'll be hanged if he's not an author! Smoke his great coat.

Author. Pardon me, it seems to have been pretty well smoked already.

Books. Step into the back shop; you'll there find abundance of amusement; there are all the new works; and if you have any objection to their *quality*, I am sure, when you consider the price of paper, you'll praise the liberality of the proprietor with respect to *quantity*. *(to be concluded.)*

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

THE DAY-STAR OF FREEDOM.

A PATRIOTIC ODE.

THE day-star of freedom resplendently bright,
Arose in Columbia's bless'd sphere;
Its brilliancy darted thro' despotic night,
And Tyranny trembled with fear:—
Coercion then martial'd from regions afar,
Her blood-thirsty harpies who panted for war;
The clank of her chains
Was heard o'er our plains,
Harsh music, discordant where liberty reigns.

—*CHORUS*—

When Tyranny high-raised her war-flaming crest,
The day-star of freedom arose in the west.

The thunder of battle resounded aloud,
Terrific o'er mountain and plain;
And terribly thicken'd the carnage-red cloud
To fill out the vallies with slain:
Oppression discover'd her blood-crimson'd form,
Death ghastly appear'd in the midst of the storm,—
Our patriots were seen,
Tho' dreadful, serene,
Determined the rights of their country to screen.

—*CHORUS*—

Tho' armies the coasts of Columbia invest,
The day-star of freedom still glow'd in the west.

Independence they'd claim'd, and to Heav'n appeal'd,
To sanction the glorious decree;
High Heav'n the sword-arm of justice reveal'd,
And proclaim'd—'AMERICA'S FREE!'
Then boldly, our heros, disdaining to yield,
Stood firm, and each breast was *America's* shield:
Undauntedly brave,
Their country to save,
They fought with an ardour ne'er felt by the slave.

—*CHORUS*—
Whilst demons of discord our country infest,
The day-star of freedom is bright in the west.

The courage of freemen, when wrongs they oppose,
Will armies of despots defy;
Columbians united hurl death on their foes,
Resolving to conquer or die:
They fought, were victorious—from tumults they cease,
And calmly enjoy the mild sunshine of peace:
No conquest they sought,
For freedom they fought,
The chaplet that crowns them dear *Liberty* wrought.

—*CHORUS*—
Now pleasure beats high in each patriot's breast,
The day-star of freedom illumines the west.

Our glebe teems luxur'ance, our streams and our floods,
With our health-smiling temp'rate sky,
Our harvest-bless'd fields, wild but [illegible] woods,
Our wants and our pleasures supply—
With our commerce and arts, all together combined,
Still mark us a nation for freedom designed;
And this the decree
'AMERICA'S FREE!'
And known to the world her impotence shall be.

—*CHORUS*—
Columbians still know 'twas high Heav'n's behest,
The day-star of freedom should shine in the west.

From the ravaging war-fiends of Europe remote,
Our government's that of our choice;
Our rulers and statesmen are placed by our vote,
Invested with pow'r by our voice;

Still flows in our veins the warm blood of our sires,
The spirit of freedom each bosom inspires :—
Should efforts be made
Our rights to invade,
The laurels *they* won *we'll* ne'er suffer to fade.

—*CHORUS*—

And long when their souls shall have flown to their res ,
The day-star of freedom will shine in the west.

ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

EPITHALAMIUM on the Marriage of Dr. DAYTON LUMMIS to Miss MARY COOPER.

TO them what is the hero's fame ?
To them what is a deathless name ?
What is th' imposing pomp of state ?
The toys and baubles of the great ?
Deceitful Fortune's syren smile,
The end of care-vex'd mortals' toil ?—
Nothing !——they in each other find
Fame, wealth and love and all combined :
Their happy lot it is, to know
What love and friendship can bestow,
And each in each with sweet surprise,
Sees daily new perfections rise :—
Happy their lot, each changing scene
They now may meet with hearts serene :
Their steps, should bliss or joy attend,
Or anxious cares their bosoms rend,
As hand in hand thro' life they go,
They'll share each joy and ev'ry woe—
As trav'lers o'er the spring-clad mead,
Before them see as they proceed,
Fresh blooming flow'rs of various dyes,
Inimitably glorious rise,
And with delighted hearts inhale
Enchanting spring's delicious gale,
View 'neath their feet the flow'ry green,
Above, the azure arch serene ;
And feel with rapt'rous joy intense
Ecstatic bliss salute each sense ;

Thus bless'd, may friendship and esteem
Salute them with each morning's beam,
And temper'd love with cheerful glow,
Substantial, lasting bliss bestow. ANACHARSIS.

ORIGINAL.

MONIMIA.

HER joys were blasted by a villain's art,
Deserted, sad, MONIMIA stray'd alone;
She felt no more misfortune's piercing dart,
Nor thought that she had e'er misfortune known.

Forlorn she wander'd a poor maniac wild;
No more did Reason hold her wonted sway;
No more, o'er her, morn breathed her fragrance mild,
But darkness held the place of cheering day.

Oft has she sat upon the craggy rock,
Amid the peltings of the ruthless storm,
While thunders roaring seem'd her woes to mock,
And lightnings play'd around her wasted form.

I heard her murm'rings floating on the gale,
(E'en yet methinks I hear her plaintive cry)
In broken tones she told her mournful tale,
Which drew from me a sympathising sigh.

'Bless'd scenes of joy! my native fields so dear,
Your sweet rememb'rance I will e'er retain;
No sorrows there intruded, and no care
Did then disturb gay Pleasure's smiling reign.

'Scenes of delight and misery to me!
Then I thought EDWARD true, nor did I fear,
Then I confess'd my heart no more was free,
I rapt'rous gave it thee—a heart sincere.

'Oh more inconstant than the fleeting wind!
Thou only saidst thou lov'd me to betray;
Then thy soft voice so gentle and so kind,
It whisper'd 'banish fear from thee away.'

'But now alas! of mis'ry's cup I've drank,
And thou and I shall never meet again!'
She spake, and from the ocean's craggy bank,
She madly plunged amid the stormy main.

AROUET JR.